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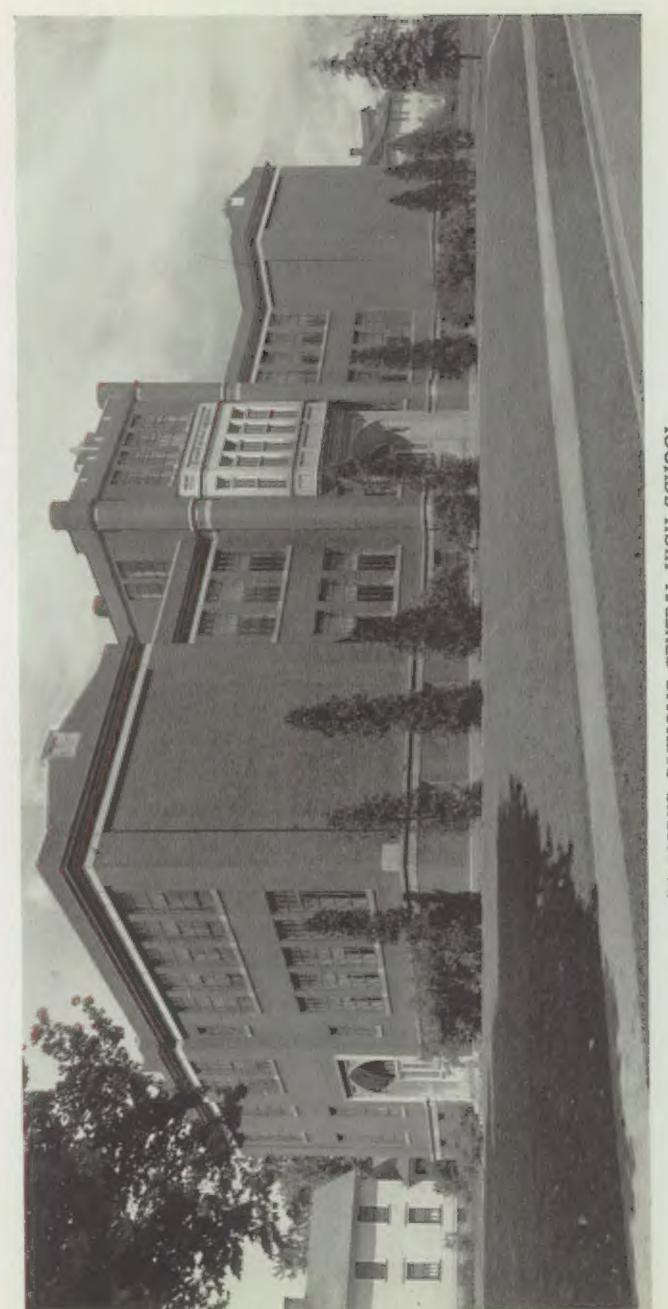


M°E°M°C — VOL. XVI—1945——



Edited by

• THE SENIOR CLASS • ST. MARYS CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL ST. MARYS, PENNSYLVANIA



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for

Numerous Blessings Bestowed

We,

the Graduating Class of 1945, Gratefully

Dedicate

to

His Excellency, John Mark Gannon

Bishop of Erie

This Sixteenth Volume of our Year Book

The Memo.



Most Reverend JOHN MARK GANNON, D. D., D. C. L., LL.D.

Bishop of Erie



Very Reverend Father Timothy, O.S.B.
Prior and Pastor of St. Marys Church

St. Marys Parish



BENEDICTINE MONASTERY



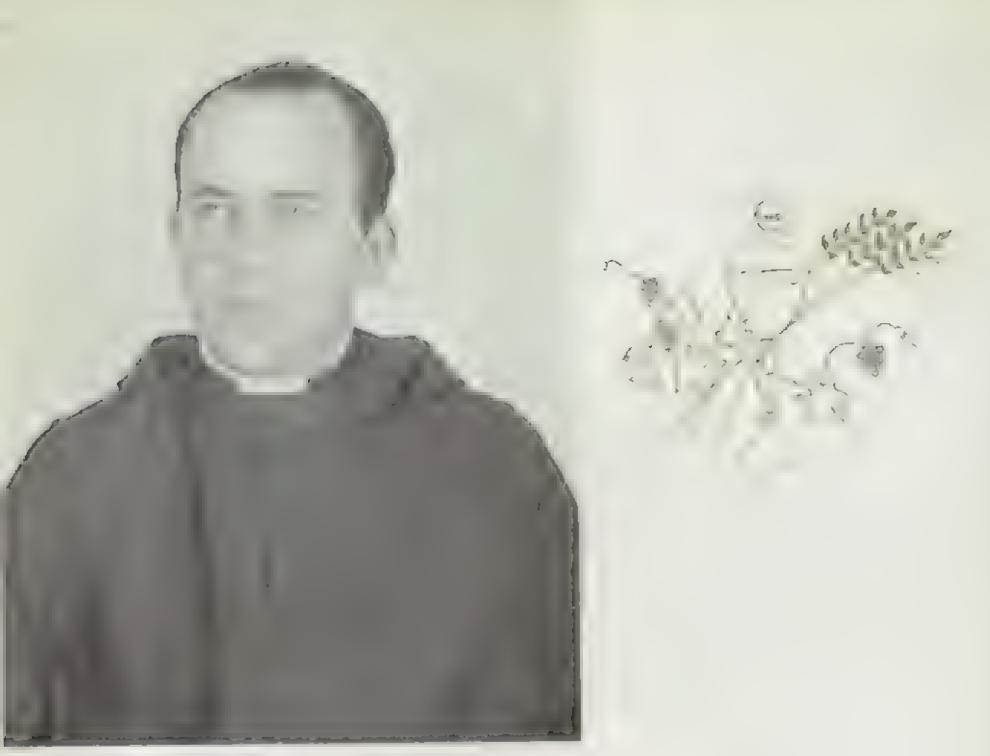
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Pastor of Sacred Heart Church

Sacred Heart Parish



SACRED HEART RECTORY



REVEREND FATHER BONIFACE, O.S.B.

A PRAYER FOR PRIESTS

Keep them, I gray Thee, de and a ray.

Keep them, for they are Thine—

Thy Priests whose lives burn out before
Thy consecrated shane

Of loneliness and pain,
When all their life of sacrifice
For souls seems but in vain.

Though from the world apart,

The earthly pleasures tempt, allure—
elter them in Thy heart

They have no one but Thee
Yet they have only human hearts,
With human frailty

Deign, dearest Lord, to bless

Selected

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REVEREND FATHER DAVID. O.S.B.



REVEREND FATHER RICHARD. O.S.B.



REVEREND FATHER LUCIAN, O.S.B.



All Enjoy Thy Shady Nooks



CLASS MOTTO

Today We Launch, Where Shall We Anchor?

FLOWERS

Tea Rose and Lily-of-the-Valley

CLASS COLORS
Cardinal Red and Gold

CENSORS

Senior Class Teachers

CLASS OFFICERS

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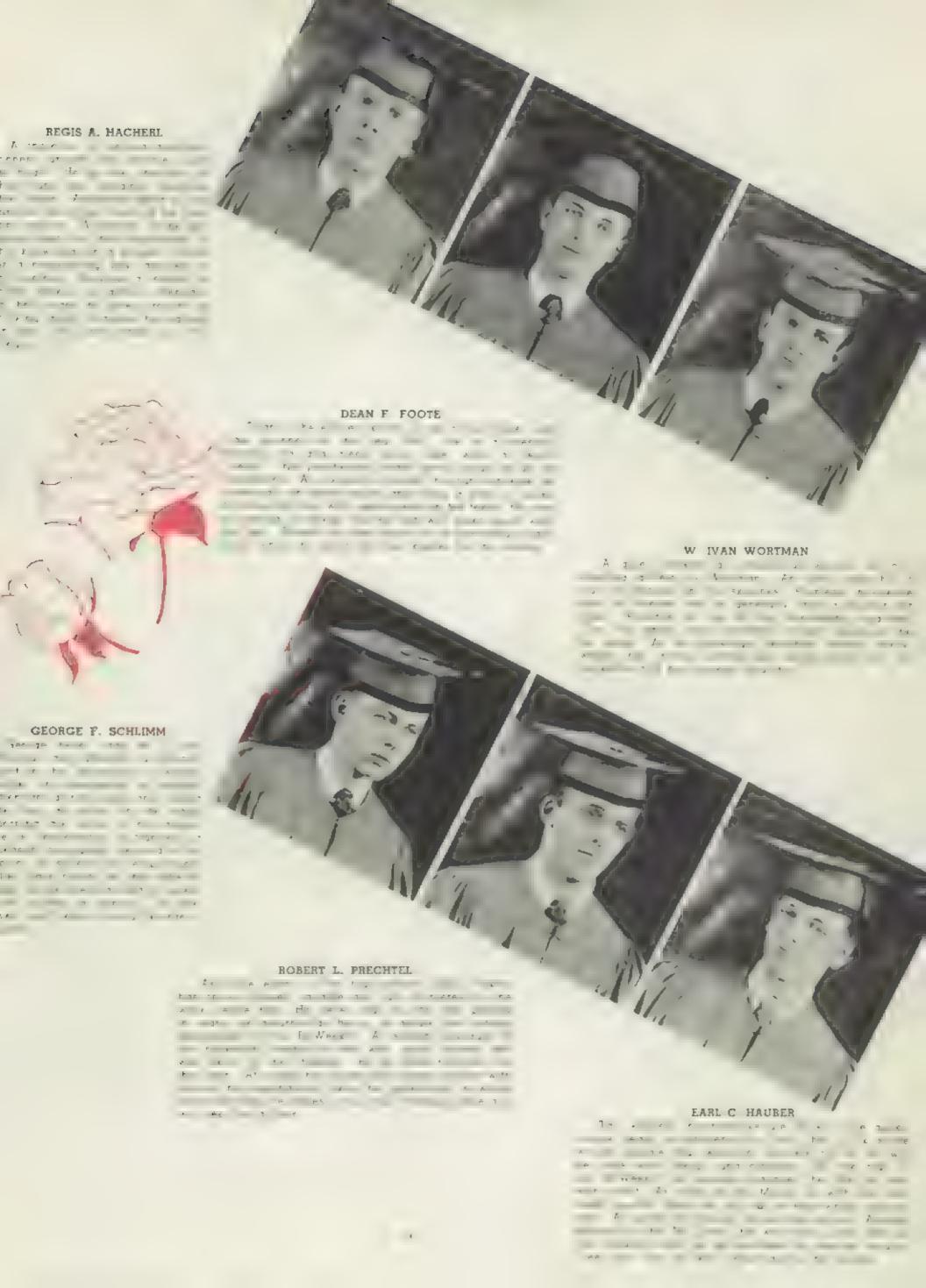






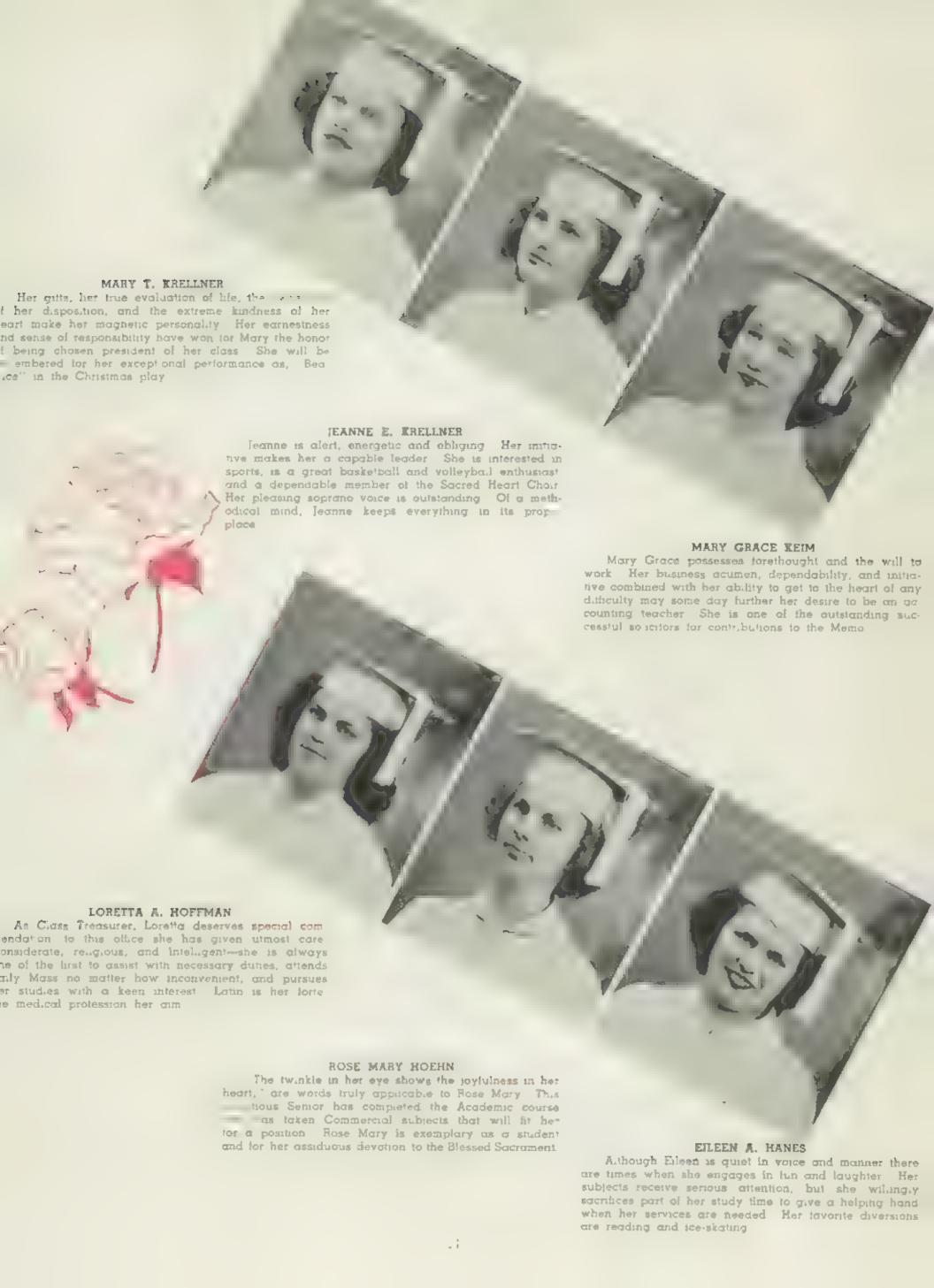
18

mercial subjects predicts success





Doris manner is most cordial. She is a mode, at what a young girl should be and gains over her companions and friends an influence largely due to her prudence, goodness, and genuine sincerity. Perhaps her most lovable traits are her delightful simplicity and lepth of feeling. Doris is following the Academic course.







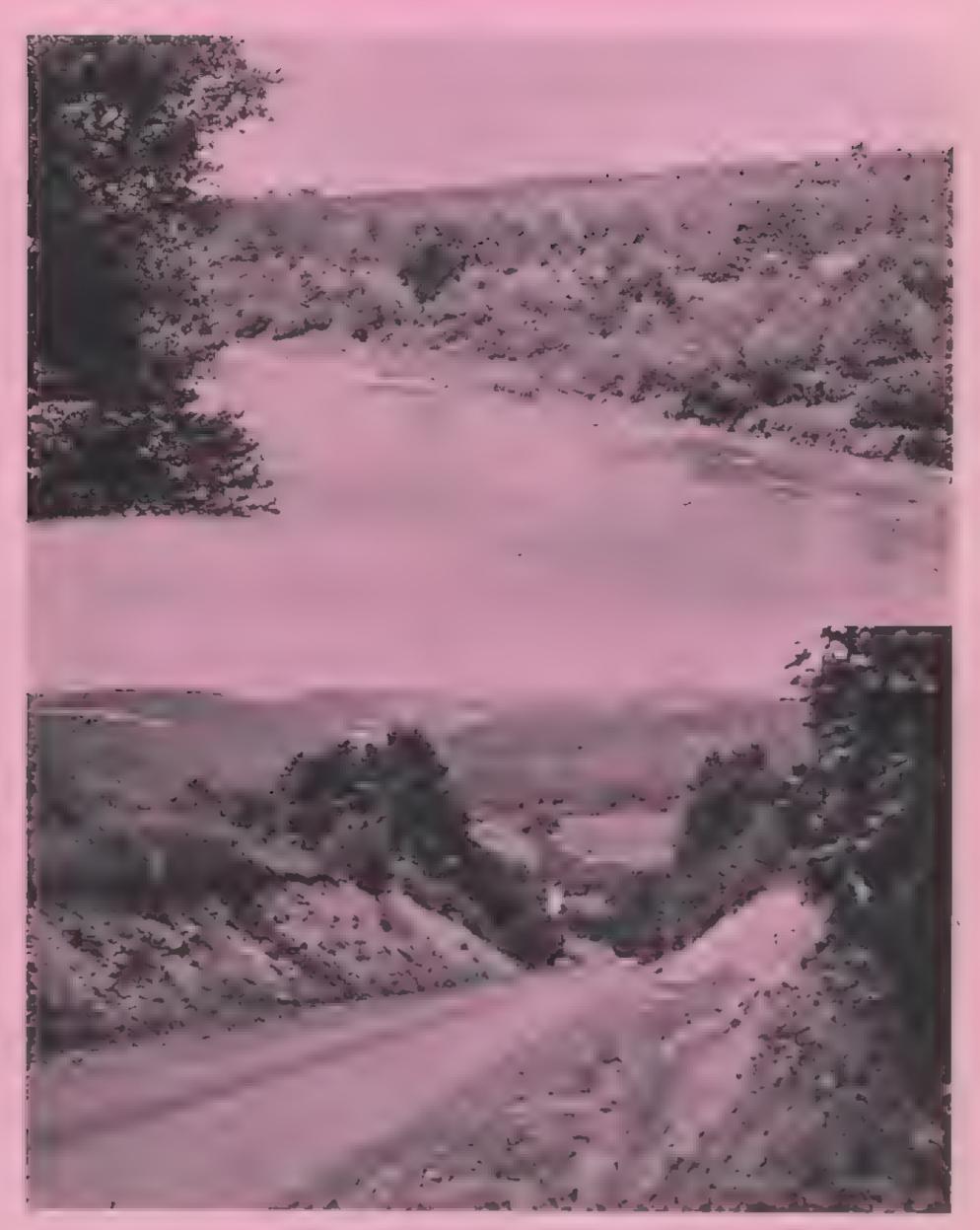




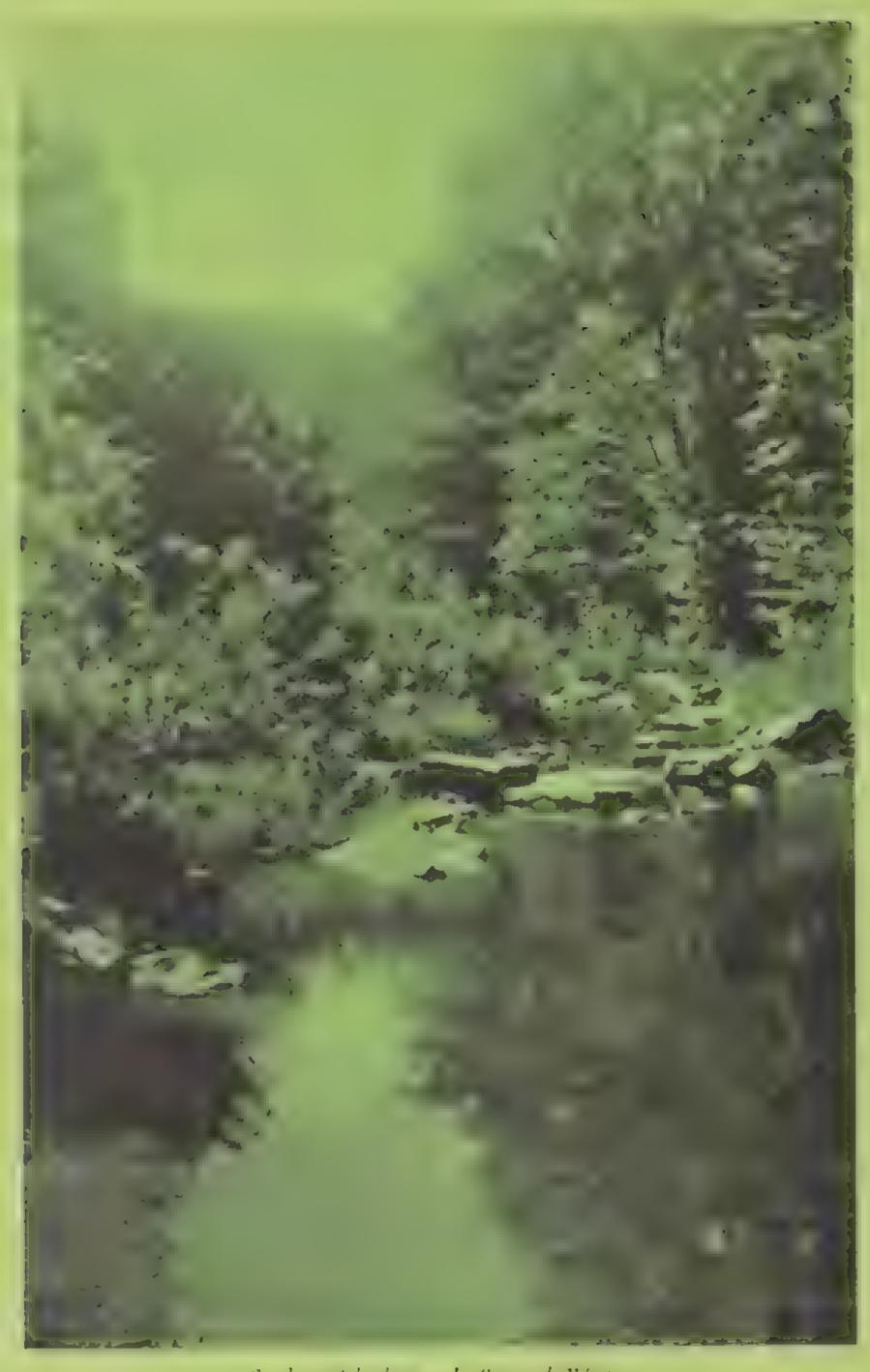
Winter in Its Glory



Summer Camp Scenes



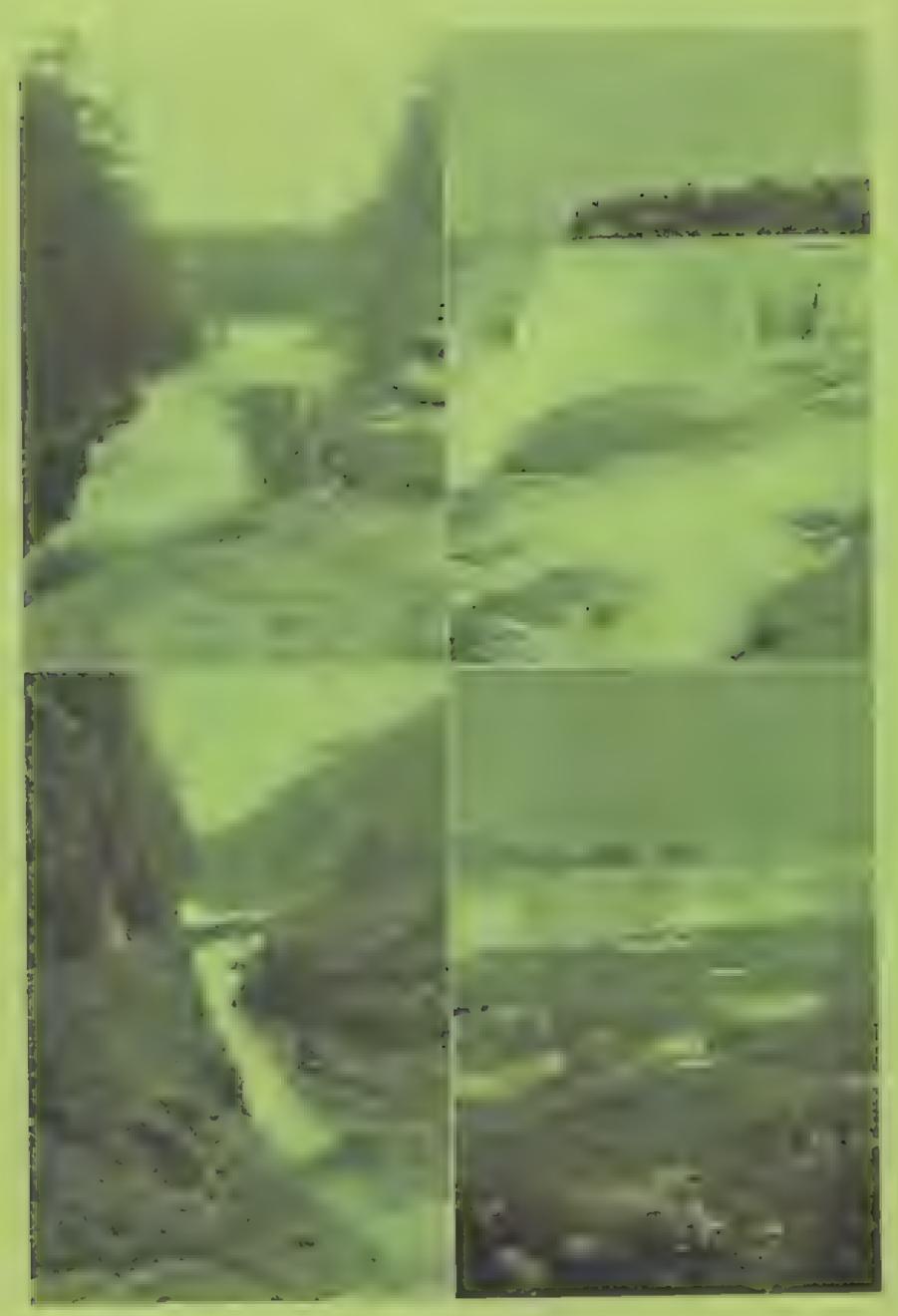
Scenes Along Our Highway



Cooling Shades and Limpid Waters



Evergreens Decked in Spotless White



The Lure of the Waters



We Love Thy Mountains and Thy Valleys



Intricacies of the Forest



Enjoying the Unusual Snowfall

GIRLS' CLASS HISTORY

S far back as the beginning of time itself we find the recordings of historians. Ancient scrolls of parchiment meticulously and neatly kept; etchings on stone, a work of art in addition to the chronological value. Our modern methods, of course, are far more simple but equally as important for oncoming ages. The history of our class does not seem very important in comparison with those of the past and, the history now in making of World War II, but to us girls it has a sentimental meaning unsurpage.

It seems as though it were but yesterday, and yet, as we pause in awed contemplation of our oncoming graduation, we know twelve long, but all too short years have passed since we crossed the threshold of childhood and became proud but bewildered students of the first grade. Never shall we, in the history of all our lives, forget the unusual experience of our first day in school. It was so new to us, becoming acquainted with so many

small girls all at once was startling and some of us even cried for our mothers. But patient-

into the west, so sped by our first year in grade school

A little more experienced class of girls moved into the second grade and this undoubtedly was our most joyous year of all. This was the year we received our first Holy Communion. We spent a good deal of our time studying Catechism, making sacrifices and, preparing our hearts for the coming of the Saviour

Now, about eight years of age, we considered ourselves little ladies and found ourselves in the third grade. This year we were introduced to the merit card system. Each time our lessons were prepared well, we received one of those prized cards and with a

score of ten cards we gained happily the longed-for holy picture

Passing into the fourth grade, we took up the Palmer Method system in writing. We enjoyed the hours of practice and our penmanship improved. When we were awarded our

first Palmer Method Badge we were, indeed, in a state of elation

We shall never lorget our introduction to fractions in the fifth grade. We really left like accomplished mathematicians when we mastered decimals in the sixth grade. The love of ancient Egyptian History in our sixth year was one of the most fascinating subjects we ever studied.

In the seventh grade we prepared our souls for the coming of the Holy Ghost Who would make us strong Christian soldiers of Jesus Christ. This seventh year of ours found the St Marys Girls out of the grade school building and, new lacilities were given us in the gymnasium. The eighth grade, also, was spent in the gymnasium and really the two years spent there were delightful. The basketball floor was above us and thus it was we developed an entirely new interest in the game of basketball.

Our eighth year was spent mainly in preparing ourselves for high school, and, at last the day came when we triumphantly marched into the freshmen classroom. That year was a very memorable one. During bookweek, our Freshmen English class did its bit to encourt the second of the seco

from some book walked across the stage white the high school audience guessed who was represented. Another successful event, sponsored by the Freshmen that year, was a First Friday breakfast. After the high school students heard Mass and received Holy Communion, they went to the Recreation Room to listen to a few short speeches delivered by us Freshmen, and then, they enjoyed the delicious breakfast we had prepared for them

That year we had the privilege of belonging to the Mission Crusade and we joined our

prayers and sacrifices to help the missions

A new field was opened to us in our Sophomore year Geometry, an intriguing study was ours and we learned about the measurement of lines and angles on a plane. Among the memorable events of our Sophomore year were our Biology field trips. We studied nature and wild life not only from books but from mother Nature herself. On one of those excursions in the fall we brought back to the classroom caterpillars woven in their cocoons and watched them develop into beautiful butterflies. We really worked hard for our next tile

As Juniors we definitely decided upon which course would help us most in our life's work and we did our best to follow it, either in preparing for Nursing or the commercial field. That year was not without its joys, we happily received our class rings which we shall treasure all our lives.

Finally, the time arrived when we became the Seniors of Central High with our prom-

The time passed only too swiftly with the many Senior activities. With great enthusiasm we spent six weeks of our time studying the art of cooking in unison with planning

well balanced meals

Many of us participated in the exciting game of volleyball and played in the intramural volleyball games. Stenating and mimeographing were mastered by some of the Senior girls as they spent much time printing the Junior and Senior pages of the Bi-Weekly, our school paper

We hope that God will shower as many blessings upon us in our future life as the many snowflakes He sent fluttering to the earth this year. We also beg His sweetest benediction upon the benevolent Fathers and loving Sisters in thanksgiving for their many kindnesses bestowed and sacrifices brought to help our class obtain its goal

Thus fades into the past our own little history of twelve memorable years.

Rose Mary Hoehn

Lacy Boughs

BOYS' CLASS HISTORY

OW that our school days are soon over we naturally revert to the past and ask ourselves what it all was about, and the why of it. We realize that we had no choice in the matter, nor did our parents, for there is a state law that compels parents to provide an education for their children. For this reason, the State provides schools at public expense and sees to it that her law is enforced. The Catholic Church has always provided means of education for her children and, because she is concerned about the eternal happiness of her little charges, has taken care of her own, that they lack not Christian education. She does not permit a one-sided education which trains only the bodily faculties but insists that the soul should come in for its just dues. For this reason Catholic schools are provided where at least one period each day is given to the study of religion and one period per week to special instructions by a priest. Besides that, each subject is taught so that we may know the right and the wrong of it in every day practice and in all walks of life. Also that when confronted by the agnostic, the uninstructed or the prejudiced we may be able to defend or explain the faith that is ours. In Catholic school too, the discipline is stricter, and the morals are more closely watched and entorced

Having answered our first question we proceed to look over the years we have spent at school. When the day dawned on which we were to begin school how did we lee! Some of us clung to our mothers in lear of what was before us, others experienced a thrill, the 'Highest in their lives" as expressed by one of the boys, because of an adventure, one that was to last for twelve years. All agree that they did experience some lear as to what was to come until they became acquainted and found their way about. After that school proceeded as all schools do, everything on schedule, class after class, grade after grade as the years passed on. To us, of course, every promotion spelled victory, with perhaps, as great a thrill as that experienced by our soldier boys coming off as victors at the end of a hercely fought battle. Some events, of course, impressed us more deeply: There was the death of one of our classmates in our second year of school, an operetta in which we took part, a fire we had at school followed by an unexpected free day. Vacations, needless to say, were hailed with more and more enthusiasm as we grew older, yet the return to school each fall had its interests too. Who would be our teachers? What new studies would be offered? What special projects and programs would there be? First Confession, tirs! Holy Communion, Confirmation, preceded by examination in religion by His Excellency. the Bishop, and accompanying priests, each were of the greatest importance to us, and hold memories sacred to each of us. At last the day of graduation from grade school dawned and, the proud possessors of a diploma, we marched home as victors from a battle field

High school was open to us now-a new experience and a new thrill lattle did we dream how much work lay before us! How different from the grade school all was! A difterent teacher for each subject, a different room for each recitation, a spacious half in which to study! Bewildered we followed directions after each ringing of the bell, and wondered 'What next?" "Freshies," we were dubbed, and as time went on, the appellation may have stated us in more ways than one Occasionally the stern look of one of the "sedate seniors" made a "Freshie" cow a little when he became too fresh. Well, we lived through it! Came the Sophomore year! A disappointment awaited us. Classes being too large they had to be divided. For the first time we could not have all our classmates together. Not to be with our chums). The very thought of it! Well, it had to be, and our protests availed nothing! That settled, we got at our studies. Biology, geometry, foreign history, and ancient and modern languages were to be tackled. Anxious to get the education offered, we "dug in." These studies grew in interest as we progressed, and as boys generally like to tackle what is difficult we soon began to vie with each other as to who would come out on top Biology was filled with interest as plants and animals in turn, under the direction of our capable teacher, displayed the wonders of God's creative hand in the growth of each tiny cell and the wonders of growth and reproduction. Boys, as a rule, do not care for what is too easy. Even as tiny tots they try to outdo each other in conquening difficulties. So problems in Geometry and other studies met with our ready interest. Some found the dilficulties too great and met with failure, others passed on to the Junior classes. Thrilled?

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Our Home Town

SENIOR GIRLS' PROPHECY

In lancy one often covers a wide area, one idea closely following in the range of the other. Thus it was, as I sat musing one day. The luture of the Senior girls flitted through my mind, and as far as I can recall, the girls were represented in the manner that I shall now describe.

I had been engrossed in reading when I paused to gaze out of a nearby window. There I saw a lost parcel lying on the street. In fancy I was hurrying to pick up the package and to overtake the owner when I heedlessly came in contact with an automobile that was speeding my way. The result was that an ambulance had to be called and I was rushed oil to a large city hospital.

When I regained consciousness I was aware of the odor of antiseptic. Upon slowly opening my eyes I was confronted by four white walls. Hearing a rustle I turned my head and saw, of all things—a nurse, who when turning her smiling countenance toward me I recognized instantly as Saroh Schieler. After we had exchanged greetings, she summoned Dr Loretta Hoffman. Grace Briendel, Directress of the Red Cross, being in the hospital at the time, accompanied Dr Hoffman to my room. The best of medical attention was given me but I was destined to spend several days convalescing

Upon my discharge, in the hospital elevator, I beheld Comme Decker, now a competent anesthetist. Free of duty for the rest of the day she agreed to accompany me on a shopping tour

Upon entering the showroom of an exclusive fashion store, Mary McMackin, head designer of this establishment, came toward us. Also within view was Valentina Riddle who was modeling gowns for a few prominent members of society, one of whom was Theresa Wiesner, a new star in the television world. Theresa welcomed us but had to hurry to her broadcast rehearsal, so Corinne and I went on our way to a Beauty Salon. Here Corinne pade farewell.

At the Salon I recognized Irene Wortman as the receptionist. She pleasantly said, "You may have an appointment immediately." The beautician was Doris Frank and while she set my hair, another former classmate, Mabel Sorg, gave me a manicure. During that hour we had an enjoyable visit, reminiscing old school days.

Leaving the Beauty Salon I engaged a hotel suite in New York city. Passing through the hotel lobby I noticed a crowd of people and peering into their midst I beheld Mary Krellner signing autographs. When she finally discovered me she warmly greeted me and showed me her precious violin which had been heard throughout the world. Mary informed me that she was guest star at the Metropolitan. She had returned from Vienna especially to make this appearance because our mutual friend of long ago, Jeanne Krellner, was singing there in "Carmen"

Then I telephoned and reserved a box seat for the performance that evening. I went early to the Metropolitan because I wished to explore the interior. Academially I found myself in the outer office of the producer where Teresa Schaut was private secretary.

With Teresa for my guide I met everyone of importance there. She contacted me with Irene Hacherl, pianist in the orchestra. My reserve seat was in the same box with Mary Alyce Lenze, a noted critic. After the performance I went backstage and met Martha Lenze, supervisor of the stage settings. Martha invited me to help her select some new furnishings for the stage.

The next morning, not having found satisfactory commodities, Martha asked to see the purchasing agent. Lucy Daniel appeared, a very trim and efficient executive. With the promise to order the desired articles immediately, we went to lunch at Zita Haller's "Coffee Room." Upon entering we were aware of the magic touch that only Zita could have

As we were having lunch, Mary Grace Keim, Secretary of New York Welfare Society, approached and after greetings were exchanged she induced us to buy tickets to a Charity Festival. Monica Lucanik was started as "Queen of the Ice" Don's Paar, was to open

the ceremonies with a poem she had composed especially for the occasion. Doris Krug, superintendent of a Children's Hospital, was guest speaker.

Leaving the lestival, I took a taxt to the airport. Mercedes Shields courteously assisted me to my place on the plane. Miss Shields was a stewardess of the United States Airlines. Directly opposite me on the plane sat Rosemary Hoehn. She said she was going back to the University of California where she was Professor of Chemistry. Rosemary showed me a magazine cover designed by Rosemary Werner. As the trip progressed we were treated with delicacies from Martha Meier's "Candy Kitchen."

Reaching my destination, San Francisco, I bade farewell to Rosemary, and was met by my friend Erma Nissel, now a celebrated composer of the latest song hits. The beautiful corsage presented to me by Erma had been made up at Anna Eichmiller's florist shop, the best in San Francisco

As we were leaving the airport Esther Dippoid was buying a ticket East, bent on interviewing a publisher as she had just completed her seventh novel.

Doris Wilhelm, who was private secretary to the President of the Airlines, was leaving her office to take a statement to Theresa Leithner, an income tax expert

In the city of the Golden Gate accommodations had to be secured so we selected the City Hotel, knowing that our stay there would be pleasant, due to the hospitality of Eileen Hanes, the hostess

As quickly as a flash of lightning my wanderings ceased. I realized that within a brief space of time I had seen all of my classmates of 1945. Each had distinguished herself in her own particular vocation. I was proud to know them as my classmates whom I would treasure for life

BOYS' CLASS PROPHECY

ship, the year being 1965, and having a few spare moments I decided to switch on my television time projector to take a look at the past. Accidentally my finger flipped the time switch to 1945. As I moved my hand to reset the switch the number struck a familiar chord in my mind

Why, that is the year 1945, the year that I graduated from high school. It has been twenty years since I last saw my old schoolmates. I wonder what they are doing now flow well I remember them Jack, Herb, Earl and Dick, Bob, Donald, Ivy, Flavius, Regis, Charles, Richard, Boomer, and George. It seems like yesterday that we were together at school. I think I shall look in on them "

I put the switch back on 1965 and took out my International Directory. "I wonder what Jack Daily is doing now", I thought I paged through the directory until I came to his name His identification number was 17830. I set my dials at those numbers and turned on the switch. Instantly the screen in front of me lit up and an image appeared on it. I focused it to the proper depth when there before my eyes appeared Jack, former classmate of mine and looking none the worse for his twenty years of life than when he was captain of the basketball team. But, what was this? I could not believe my eyes. Here he was standing with a basketball in his hand, just as I had seen him many times twenty years ago. I focused my apparatus for more depth and sure enough there he was, not playing, but coaching the nationally-known Rocketeers who recently beat the English champion team Upon closer examination of the team, whom should I find as the star forward, but Flavius Wicks. I watched the team practice for a while and then decided to look up my old friend Bob Prechtel. A flick of the wrist, a little focusing, and there he was, surrounded by wires, tubes, coils, meters, and lights, and working over a large machine which I recognized because of the publicity it had received as the latest device for interplanetary communication

I could see that Robert was so busy that I decided to leave without speaking with him. As I went out of the office by focus I noticed on his office door, "Robert L. Prechtel, Chief Electric Engineer, General Electric Company."

Wait! What was that? I refocused my machine and sure enough, there, just entering Bob's shop, was Charles Fleming, consulting engineer for General Electric

I glanced at the instruments on my panel and realized I was reaching New York, my first stop. I shut off my television and made preparations to land. There to my surprise had just landed a government plane from Australia in which sat Dick Hathorn who had just arrived from a mission for the United States government.

While observing the new airlield, the largest and best-equipped in the world, and while my ship was rolling to a stop, whom should I find standing in front of me but Herby Straub, another old classmate. "Well, Herby, it has been a long time since I saw you. What are you doing?" He replied, "I am the new aeronautical engineer in charge of this airfield Most of the plans have been drafted by Robert Leuschel who has been in the employment of the government since the peace treaty of World War fi. I did not have much time to talk but was glad to meet my old friends. After my ship had been checked I started for London, my next stop. While crossing the ocean I decided to turn on my radio and televisor to hear a little music and obtain a bit of news. As I turned my dial round a clear, rather familiar voice attracted me to listen. Could it be? Yes, it was none other than Richard Schotz as the "hot oif the wire" commentator. Continuing to listen I heard another familiar voice. George Schlimm, star singer. I reached London in a very short time, where, to my surprise, was Earl Hauber at a conference of diplomats. Earl having been earlier appointed as ambassador to Rome by our president. I visited with him for a while then went on to Paris I stopped there for dinner and whom should I find seated at one of the tables but Donald Wiesner I had read about his trip around the world but never expected to meet him. We talked for a while and then we decided to go to the art gallery. He said he had something to show me. We went into the main room and he took me to a painting. Standing in front of it was Ivan Wortman, but imagine my surprise to find that Ivan had painted the picture and sold it for \$20,000. It was a modern art painting. The three of us toured the gallery for a while discussing paintings and then I left to keep my appointment. When I returned to the gallery both men had gone. I then decided to direct my ship for the good old United States. I had been having a little trouble with my airship so I stopped at Detroit to get a new one while the old one was being repaired. I went directly to the Ford Rocket Car Corporation for I knew I could get a good deal because the General Manager, Regis Hacherl, another old classmate, was a personal friend of mine I visited with Regis for a while then went back home

Another day was ended. Thankful after twenty years to see again all the fellows with whom I had graduated, and with a tear in my eye, I parked the Rocket car, recalling once again the happy days we had spent together.

Dean Foote





Falling Waters

SCARLET AND GOLD

SCARLET and gold are colors which are sacred to every American. Red signifies blood, patriotism, courage and love. One need not reflect long to realize that great portions of the earth are at present bathed in blood and, as the martyrs of the early Church triumphantly shed their blood for their faith so also brave young men and women of all nations are today courageously shedding their blood for their countries, that men may learn to love each other and promote trust and peace everywhere

Fittingly has our class chosen red and gold as its colors for many of us will before long be called to enter the great conflict. Courage will not be wanting to us for we have been tried by daily difficulties in school life to overcome obstacles and courageously face the future. Men clear the way for a man of courage; they revere him, and step aside to let him lead them to brave deeds. Have they not already stood aside to let our American boys lead them? We shall bravely join them and bear our share of the burden of a free ite.

There is a treasury of gold in life for each of us. As the beautiful scarlet surrise or sunset is mingled with gold so also in our lives we find gold not only in the beautiful flowers of the field or in the autumn leaves or the shining vessels of the altar, but we shall ever try to be as good as gold, as true as gold, and as pure as gold

We find the costly robes of a Cardinal at religious ceremonies and the rich scarlet vestments worn at mass on Pentecost and on the feastdays of martyrs are symbols of love. The Holy Ghost descended upon the twelve apostles in the form of tongues of fire; this, too, has its beauties and were it removed would be missed only too soon because it symbolizes warmth, love, and charity, without which our world would, indeed, be cold

We hope that the time will speedily arrive when the scarlet representing the blood of heroes will have changed to a perfect gold and the fire of love and charity will accompany each one of us in life.

Corrinne Decker

OUR MOTTO

"Today We Launch, Where Shall We Anchor?"

It is with reluctance that we, the class of 1945, launch forth to burst the chords which have anchored us to our school for the past twelve years. As a small sailing vessel sets out on the broad ocean, with sails afloat, and, urged on by wind and storm, sometimes arriving at safe port, reaches its haven only after overcoming great obstacles, so, we depart from our anchorage. For twelve years we have been safely stowed away beneath the care of parents, priests and teachers, but today we set out with wings of hope for future success, with confidence in God, well-formed principles of Catholic education, activities of power, responsibility to duty and love of fellow-man. Having dispossessed ourselves of all chatters of unrest, lack of courage and irresponsibility, we move ahead with light hearts with the fuel of faith, hope and charity

Those of us who have profited most by the advice of our elders, built up a bulwark of strength by study, and have formed good habits, are well prepared to launch out into the aeep and in spite of obstacles will reach our goal

We cannot go forth as an armada but must each set out to row his own boat. We will be our own captains. Most of the boys and many of the girls will before long have gone into the service of their country. They can no longer depend upon any of their class-mates for suggestions or helpful hints.

A small sailing vessel, quite unknowingly launches out presumably unconscious of any danger, sometimes reaching the harbor in safety, but frequently sailing about, being buffeted about for a time or again disappearing temporality beneath the waves, after a short time appearing again to make a stronger attempt. Rarely does it disappear completely from view

While sailing on the sea of life, we will undergo hardships of all kinds which we must do our best to overcome. Anchoring at the ports of "Faith, Hope and Charity," we will refuel and these supplies should make us seaworthy until the end of our long voyage

Teresa Schaut

EDITORIAL

E are indeed fortunate that we are living in St. Marys with all its opportunities for work and recreation. Seldom is there any scarcity of employment with pay sufficient to take care of a family. Some have acquired wealth, others have been enabled to build themselves comfortable homes, none need go hungry. Considering these tacts would it not be wise to think of some projects by which our town could show progress in providing up-to-date community centers, larger parks and recreation grounds and other improvements? One need not look very far to see what could be done, and really should be done, and that soon. Before long we hope to see our soldier boys return by the hundreds and what will we have to offer them for all they have endured for us? A large town hall or community building where everybody is welcome would surely be an asset. This could house recreation rooms, refreshment stands, a small library with choice reading matter, and above all a spacious hall that would give accommodation to large numbers for public gatherings.

Elk Creek, we are told, was once the joy of the town. Its clear, limpid waters were enjoyed by all; even the fish took to them and were happy. Perhaps it is too much to think of restoring this. Yet something should and could be done here. Street markers, too, should come into the picture; more and better lights on all streets radiating from the center of town.

All of us should have a deep interest in our home town. We owe it to those returning from overseas, to the future generations, as well as to ourselves. Besides, while we are adding to its beauty, unfinished projects would give employment to those coming home after the war until the crisis of readjustment is over

Earl C Hauber

CHARITY

If you give a cup of cold water in my name it shall not go unrewarded, is a lesson and a promise given by Christ Himself while here upon earth. This shows how greatly God loves charity. No matter how great your Faith in the Almighty, if you lack charity it will profit you nothing. We may feel, when asked to give in charity, "More money to kiss good-bye," and it costs more than a slight effort to reach into your pocket and toss two bits for some charitable project, especially if it's the last you have until comes next payday. By that time, however, you will have forgotten all about it; or if, perchance, you do think of it, the thought makes you feel good inside. Soon you'll ask yourself how you would feel had you refused to give, or how, had you given double? Charity pays!

Charles Fleming

A CALL TO THE COLORS

ITTLE did we who are about to graduate think while attending grade school, or even when entering high school that ere long we would be called upon to fight for our country. One by one, as class after class graduated, we saw our schoolmates depart for foreign lands. In some instances those leaving were our own brothers or near relatives. We dreaded to see them go because of the uncertainty of their return. Yet withal, we braced ourselves for the day not lar off when we too would follow their lead. Some of our class have already enlisted, others are about to do so and still others will soon be called. One has gone, his graduation postponed indefinitely. Two will be in the Air Corps ere long, others are seeking the Navy. You may think that it would be more patriotic to let Uncle Sam choose where he wishes to have us. We do not think so. Anyone can realize that if employed in work to your liking, work is better done, whereas, forced to do what aces not appeal partakes of slave labor and precludes your best endeavor. A few of our think it is but right that all wish our boys success in the held of their choice, whatever it may be. May God grant that ere long they can return, seeing the world at peace!

Regis Hacherl



When the Snow Was High

SPRINGTIME OF LIFE

A class sadly regret that this beautiful Spring marks the end of our memorable school-days. Ahl the very fragrance of the fresh air calls us out to welcome the Springtime, the greatest recurring event of the year. Spring is so invigorating. The bright green verdure will soon appear from the very roots of the earth. Once more the ground will be a ruddy rich brown. The beautiful birds return, fresh showers triumphantly spread their welcome to the opening of the blooming glory of the flowers.

Yet as beautiful as Spring may seem, for us the Senior class, we look upon it as sad, for we are all wondering what the next Spring will bring. As all the recent graduating classes have sent many members into the appalling turmoil of war, our class, too, will part with their brothers of their childhood days. At present the future of their lives cannot be decided. In time to come the guls will have sought a future somewhere else.

To us this Springtime can be considered as the fountain of opportunity in our lives, though in a certain sense a world at war does not hold much chance for the graduate student. We must, however, make the best of what is offered. We are determined in our efforts to go out into this Springtime of Life to become the future men and women of this our America. Springtime is the flowering glory of our lives.

Now as Spring greets us once again we hope that some Springtime in the near future will call us all tagether to greet the Springtime of Life, a peaceful life. As Spring enters, we the Senior class say a fond farewell to the last Springtime of our happiest days. Once again in a more beautiful Spring, one which will greet a peaceful world, we hope to meet again.

Doris Frank.

SHIPS

ED sails against an evening sky as the sun sinks slowly in the west—so beautiful, so perfect is this scene, painted by the hand of God, that no artist, down through the ages has ever reproduced it on canvas. As we gaze on this scene enchanting, our imagination are out, "Tell us ships, what is your story?"

The first ship that is recorded in history is the three storied ark that God personally instructed Noah to build. It was sealed with pitch within and without. The ark was large and powerful and rather symbolized the Church as it floated along without human aid. The Egytians sailed up and down the Nile River in their home-made boats. In the days of Merrie England", ships manned by English freebooters and sea dogs, dotted the oceans, plundering Spanish commerce. In 1492, through the use of three ships, under the command of the brave and daring Columbus, a great and new continent was discovered.

Yes, as far back as history has been recorded, ships have been a source of inspiration for man's genius. The human mind has been inspired by God to make larger and better vessels until today, we have gigantic, two-story, silver ships that sail through the sky

But besides the battleships, cruisers, submarines and flying fortresses, there is another kind of ship that is more important and morally necessary to men, and that is friendship. This ship is of purest gold and it carries treasures of love and kindness that no amount of money can buy. "Friendship cheers like a sunbeam, charms like a good story, inspires like a brave leader, binds like a golden chain, guides like a heavenly vision."

Rose Mary Hoehn

THE HONOR ROLL

March, 1944, lists the names from the year 1920 to 1945 of the graduate students now in service. Two hundred six names appear on the scroll. Our school is proud of its many former students who are now in the various branches of our country's service.

A we pass the honor roll on our way to and from classes we often think of the boys. We wonder if they are not again with us in thought and longing for our splendid opportunities of education. This leeling has often been expressed by service boys who have notly visited the school.

To these former students of Central Catholic High, we senior girls and boys extend our sincere appreciation and loving gratitude for all the great and unlimited sacrifices and courageous actions which they have performed. Many of them gave their lives and others endured very severe sufferings for their God and country.

Zita Haller



Rural Scene, St. Marys, Pa.

THE STAFF OF OUR BI-WEEKLY

S the opening of our present school year a staff for the Bi-Weekly, public to the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that the light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors, was to be formed. It was proposed that light school seniors are school seniors.

I am a painstaking eff of the paper without delay, every students requested to be sent t

We take this opportunity to thank all our reporters, contributors and subscribers for their loyal size of the Arman and the Arma

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C. H. S. BI-WEEKLY STAFF

Upper—m.dd c

crate Editor Robert Prechtel
Lower-first

nt Editor Charles Fleming

Ma in Farl Hauber

Circulating Manager Flavius Wicks

Donald Wiesner
Low -m dd e

GIRLS' BABY PICTURES (page 49)

Left to right First row Doris Paar, Monica Lucanik, Connne Decker, Irene Hacherl Second row: Jeanne Krellner, Lucy Daniel, Loretta Hotlman, Martha Lenze Third row Doris Frank, Mary Grace Keim, Zita Haller Fourth row: Theresa Leithner, Mary McMackin, Irene Wortman, Rosemary Werner Fifth row: Grace Breindel, Teresa Schaut, Martha Meyer, Mabel Sorg

CHILDHOOD (page 51)

First row Rose Mary Hoehn, Jeanne Krellner, Irene Hacherl
Insert. Teresa Schaut, Eileen Hanes.
Second row Doris Paar, Mary McMackin, Corinne Decker, Doris Frank
Insert: Martha Meyer, Loretta Holfman, Mary Grace Keim.
Third row Theresa Leithner, Zita Haller, Monica Lucanik, Grace Breindel, Lucy Daniel

TEEN-AGE (page 62)

First row Mary Grace Keim, Corrinne Decker, Grace Breindel, Theresa Leithner, Monica Lucanik

Second row. Doris Paar, Doris Krug, Mary Kreliner, Jeanne Kreliner, Mary McMackin, Corinne Decker, Erma Nissel, Teresa Schaut, Teresa Schaut

Third row Doris Frank, Lucy Daniel, Esther Dippold, Ziia Haller

Fourth row Irene Wortman, Rosemary Werner, Martha Lenze, Eileen Hanes, Loretta Hollman, Rose Mary Hoehn, Irene Hacherl

A SCHOOL DAY

In the morning cold and dreary
When I get up feeling weary,
Thinking of the long drawn day
I sink back on my bed of hay

Then a voice—my father's shout Double quick it brings me out. To the breakfast table, I stagger Light piercing eyes like a dagger. In the cold air next I wander.

At the school steps stand and ponder

Next into dim-lighted halls I step.

Half awake and without pep

Now to church, then back to school
There to mind the golden rule.
Time moves slow, the hours are long
Closing taps seem like a song

Oif to home, then oil for play
And on to supper without delay.
Watching the shadows creep over the hili.
Then back to bed! Oh, what a thrill!

Herbert Straub











Views of the Annual Field Mass for Our Boys and Girls in Service

ST. MARYS SODALITY

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Anna Eichmilier







Under Construction

THE CATHOLIC STUDENT MISSION CRUSADE

HE largest Central High School activity is that of the Catholic Student Mission Crusade, totaling two hundred ninety-one members which is almost one hundred per cent of the enroll ment

The officers for this year are Herbert Straub, President; Rita Wortman, Vice-President, Francis Kuntz, Secretary; Faith Herzing, Treasurer

Assemblies, movies, a quiz, a social dance and a play, "The Calling of Teresa Chang" were the main activities of the year During Lent the odd penny collection was given prominent recognition by almost every class. The result, a surprising amount of pennies, showed that the Freshmen were outstanding in this contribution.

At the close of each assembly our moderator, Reverend Father Boniface, OSB, gave an interesting address, taking for his topic some vital point in the program of the day and the work of the missionaries in regard to the physical as well as the spiritual side of life

Since that memorable day in nineteen hundred forty-one when the Mission Crusade was organized in our high school, the membership has been increasing yearly. The students, being missionconscious, would be loath to part with the charter which the school retains as a certification of its agreement with the organizing mission body in Cincinnati

The Mission Crusade helps to promote the Catholic faith in foreign lands as well as in our own country. Most people think that money is the one need of the missions but in the letter received from Monsignor Edward A Freking, Secretary-Treasurer, we read "The crying need is for the vocations priests, Brothers, Sisters for the home and foreign missions. There is even a demand now in the missions for Catholic young men and women, who are adequately trained, to give five years of their life to the spread of the Faith without having any religious vows."

Theresa Leithner

WHO?

Who gave His life for you and me
Died of a broken heart upon a tree?
Who scourged, crowned and natied Him there?
Could you but one of His sufferings bear?
Would you have done the same as He,
If all this they would do to thee,

Who said, "Love thy neighbor as thyseli"
Who lived in poverty, not in wealth?
Who gave us the Holy Mass,
And nothing in return did ask?
Who gave us by His holy life,
His example to take in strife?

WHO? ? ? Our Lord the Giver of lite and death

Ivan Wortman

DAGUSCAHONDA CHURCH

January 28, 1940. From then on the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass has been celebrated in a vacant room in the Daguscahonda school

A church, however, is now going to take the place of the school room at a cost of approximately ten thousand dollars. Under the unique designs of Reverend Father David, OSB, and the general contractor. Mr Raymond Rupprecht, the edifice will measure 34 feet by 63 feet. Wood was secured from two barracks belonging to the Croyland Camps near Ridgway. The property was donated by Peter Scott of Daguscahonda and the North American Refractories of Cleverand, Ohio. It is on the main road between St. Mary and Ridgway and will be the first building to the left upon exting Daguscahonda from Ridgway.

On May hist of last year the —t stone was cut and since then thousands have been aut and chiseled into shape, the time and effort having been accorded by the members of the parish. But aut ting stones was not the only thing to be done, and much time was spent outside of the construction itself.

Father David deserves much gratitude for his great interest and zeal in the work. Hardty a day passed that he was not seen cutting stones or measuring carefully the ground surrounding the church. Many of his hours were spent with the other men in tearing down the barracks in Croyland. Hard work held no tear for him and his perseverance spurred the others on through he unendurable heat of the summer months.

The ladies of the Mission were not idle all thit time and biweekly bingos and raffles were held, the proceeds of which all went to the building fund

On October 29, the cornerstone was blessed and laid by Reverend Father Henry Schwener. OSB, who had been appointed by Bishop Gannon of Erie, due to the latter not being able to at tend the ceremony himself. Reverend Father Henry was Father Cornelius, deacon; Reverend Father Lucian, Sub-deac and Reverend Father David acted as Master of Ceremonies. Other

The cornerstone contained a copper box which he d a history of the church names of the members of the new St Benedict Church, the previous Saturday's copy of the Daily Press, some ration points, coins, stamps, Benedictine medals, church bulletin

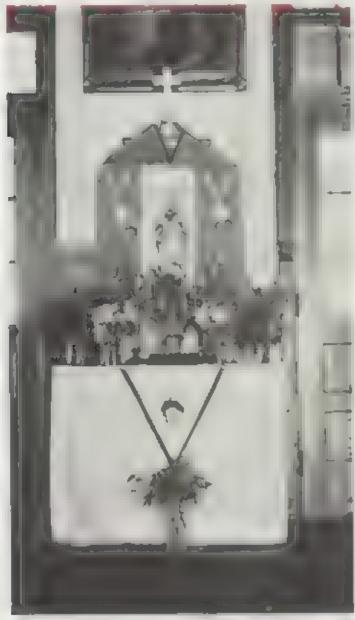
When this church is finished we will indeed be broud of it. To help erect a church is perhaps one of the greatest privileges on earth. Churches are not erected every day and the people of this new parish feel honored, indeed, to have the wonderful opportunity that has been bestowed upon

Doris Paar





Dedication Coromonies





THE ALTAR OF REPOSE

Holy Thursday of each year the keeps the anniversary of the stitution of the Blessed Sacrament ... ened at the thought of our Savior's suftened at the thought of our Savior's suftened alter trimmed wers she places the Sacred wers she places the Sacred pecial adoration of the faith until Good Friday when not is carried back to the place of the control of the second at the "Mass of the manying picture in the manying picture."

Donald Wiesner



OUR MAY ALTAR

HEN the month of May comes around
the has returned to earth. Batmy an
autiful flowers, flitting son;

laim the glory of their foving Creator,
well as the sweet beauty of our ble
to whom this month is dedicated. To
er, magnificent May alters are erected
ywhere We too, of St Marys High, de
the sexpressing our devotion, and vie
the other to place at her feet the mo
and fragrant flowers to be found
this, candles and other adornments

own here is a little altar erected in the rridor by the loving hands of her

54

In Memoriam



HIS year on Saint Benedict's Day the nalls of Centra, High School were saadened at the death of air be, ved teacher and triend Sister M. Gertrude OSB. To us her death was a great blow.

We teel her liss keenly but we must be at mfinted in knowing that Dualing sately taker her from this wardhied world to His heavenly are tae. In years to a nether offer by are a roughle manner will ever be remembered.

Sister Gertrude is which y responsible for the winderful Brollogical Liphratory which we have here at school. She persist ently labored in the laboratory even while she was ill.

The little mound in the Sisters centerery which marks the resting place of Sister will ever serve us as a reminder of our faithful and solicitius friend. The ign she has passed in her spirit will remain with us forever.

While at the hispital in as the was and annualable there can suffering she brought love and quad oneer into the nearth of others

To dear Sister Gertrude we say, Requiescat in Pace

Doris Frank



When School Cares Were Ours



BABYHOOD

Upper row, left to right: Herbert Str. John Dany Second row: Regis Hacherl, Richard Hat Third row: Dean Foote, George Schamm Favius Wicks Chas F. William Lower row: Rob Leische

SCHOOL AGE (above)

Upper row: R S | Denley, Chas Fl= a R Hattarn Middle row Schlimm, E. Haub D Wiesner Lower row

SENIORS (page 58,

Upper row: C Fleming E Hauber, G S eri I Wortman D Foote Third row:

Second rows R Hach | Dailey Fourth



See How We Have Grown

IF I WERE PRINCIPAL

Interesting, and in plain words, these are my sentiments exactly! One evening while I was trying to solve a particularly difficult problem, I had practically chewed my pencil down to a point in desperation and had spent precious hours accomplishing exactly nothing. In exasperation, I discarded my books and pencils, relaxed, and lost myself in a dream of what I would do if I were principal.

I was surprise to find myself seated behind a massive mahagany desk, in a bright, cheerful office. I glanced around at my uniamiliar surroundings, and noted that, with the exception of the window space, the entire room was lined from floor to ceiling with books of various sizes, color and description. I arose and wandered about. As I browsed over the titles on the shelves, the door opened and one of the high school students stood at respectful attention. When she addressed me as "Madame Principal" I discovered that instead of being a member of the student body, I was now the superior of the school.

At last my ambition had been realized! I was principal of the school! My hist official act in this capacity would be to make radical changes in the curriculum. Pupils would be allowed to devote their time to the subjects that most appealed to them, athletics and social activities would be increased, and homework, like slavery, would be abolished forever

Several days passed during which my experiment was put to the test, and contrary to expectations, was meeting with many obstacles. Under this system, I received numerous complaints from the faculty. With the exception of a few conscientious students, classes in Latin, Chemistry and Geometry reported a poor attendance while Bookkeeping, Typing and Biology were filled to capacity. Parents, too, objected that general education, under my progressive system, was being neglected and decided that they were strongly in favor of compulsory major subjects and homework.

At this point, unlike the Marines, I did not "have the situation well in hand." One morning as I looked out of my window, I saw a delegation of angry parents storming up the walk. I wondered how I was going to handle this problem and before I had a chance to compose myself, a knock sounded on the door

When I didn't answer immediately, the rapping became insistent so to fortify myself against the attack, I closed my eyes. When I opened them, it was a relief to find that I was in my own room, with my homework undone before me—and mother was trying to awaken me. I promised myself that from that moment until the end of my school career, I should never utter the phrase—'if I were Principal'

The conclusion I reached is that our principal, faculty, and parents are grooming us for our luture in this great democracy. Education, with its homework and difficult subjects, is one of the privileges this land of apportunity affords us and even though the going seems rough at times, there is no greater satisfaction than "a good job, well done." So, with all due respect and thanks to our superiors for the splendid work they are doing in moulding the younger generation both spiritually and mentally, may I apologize for this, my lantastic adventure.

Mary Grace Keim



A Time We Won't Forget

A TIME WE WON'T FORGET

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PARADISE ON EARTH

As the sun rises, its rays send messages of a new day approaching. Seeking new vigor, a young accountant lies in solitude fully enjoying a week's vacation as he sleeps in the heart of his favorite woodland. He awakens and glances at his verdure clad surroundings which have become so homelike, then he rises and refreshes himself in a nearby stream.

To walk out on a spring day and to feel the wind in his hair and the warmth of the sun, to watch the birds play among tiny shoots of green leaves upon the trees, and smell the sweet odor of blossoms which surrounds him with a veil of happiness, brings new light into a world of darkness. What joy it is for him to walk through a green woodland and reach a tiny pool of hidden glory where as light reflects upon a cluster of evergreens, imaginary pictures dance about in the sun! He sits and gazes at the water dreaming of heaven which seems so near. Everything is so still that he feels God is beside him. All of a sudden a tiny fawn appears to drink at the brink. Some unseen presence withholds the impulse within him to creep up and caress the little creature fondly but it will be frightened by a human being who seeks to destroy the beautiful for mere pleasure. What would be more enjoyable than for men to cease destruction and shower love on creatures even more lovely than this whose very presence makes one's heart beat faster! Ah! The fawn has gone, so suddenly that the onlooker feels something has been drawn from his heart

When he deserts shelter to seek the freshness and coolness of the air after a shower, he hears the birds singing, and once again the sun is shining, casting a rainbow of beautiful colors across the sky. The grass is so much greener and his eyes do not feel fired from the heat of the day as he gazes at the mountains, each seeming to fade with distances until the last one blends with the blue of the sky. He wants to walk across that mountainous expanse until he mounts that last one and can reach up to touch the sky

Darkness falls and the stars peep out of their shrouds and begin to twinkle. Then the moon rises seeming to invite a peaceful stroll. What joy there is to walk on a moonlit night and watch the mellow silver magic in the skyl. Solitude is wonderful then because the heart is light and the cares of the day have vanished. The country is filled with unsurpassing beauty. Then he returns to his peaceful abode and soon the sandman shove, single and his eyes seek a land of unknown dreams.

Once again the sun rises in all its glory of brightness and cheerfulness but today seems a little bit sadder. Even the birds' chatter cannot hide all the regrets for today, he must return. He must leave his little haven of peace, quiet and contentment and return to the city filled with noise and disruption.

For a week he has forgotten all business and now he must go back to it, but will he forget all he has enjoyed for such a short time? No. The Lord has sent something along which is in his heart—a yearning to remember and return

Mercedes Smelds











BOY SCOUT CAMP

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CHURCH BELLS

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between the transfer as a second seco

There are the first of the fathers will be a first of the first of the



Bell - St. Marys Church Belfry

Robert Glass
One of our class now in service

SAILING

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Though ree

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Though reels and shoals ahead
Know not lear when streng are gathering

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John Dailey

A SENIOR'S DIARY

Dear Diary

Turning back your leaves. I find them tattered and worn yet the most interesting pages because they relate to the events of my high school career

color of the state of the state

The first time we took part in an assembly? It was "Book Week" when we were freshmen

The first Friday breaklasts?

The Christmas play in the gym?

The American Legion Essay Awards? War stamps were awarded the lucky winners.

The distinguished visitors from the Middle Atlantic Association?

The formation of the Mission Crusade?

Our first vacation from Central?

The dance we sponsored as sophomores?

The day we began Caesar's Gallic Wars?

The day we dissected the frog?

George Yeager telling of his experiences in Europe?

Our first gym exhibit?

The basketball banquets?

The day we received our class rings?

The Junior Prom?

The incense burning in 11A?

Our first Chemistry experiment?

Erie, Bradford, and Williamsport?

The first day we donned our class hats?

The volley ball tournaments?

Cooking classes?

Printing the "Bi-Weekly '?

Working for our "Memo"?

Graduation exercises?

These years have given us such untorgettable memories "Dear Diary", that they will be precious gems in our treasury of life

Mary McMackin

SENIOR CLASS WILL

The class of 1945 of St. Marys Catholic High School, being of sound mind and body, hereby do make and publish this, our last will and testament.

- 1. To Father Timothy we consign rolls of film to photograph the bright faces of the High School students in the year to come.
- 2. To Father Bonstace we leave future basketball and volleyball players with the hope that some day they may attain our superior athletic ability
- 3. To Father Richard we entrust a collection of frogs, worms and crayfish accompanied by the sweet odor of formaldehyde, to lure more students into Biological research.
- 4. To the Faculty we leave a long-deserved and needed rest and sweet memories of a brilliant class.
- 5. To the class of "46" we leave our Senior dignity, our ability to choose brilliant class colors and our deepest sympathy in the composing and editing of Volume XVII of the Memo
- 6. To the Sophomores we leave two more happy years in High School before they look back with fond regret and happy memories of their school days. Also we leave behind mary person in the Chemitary I was a first their stry land of the Chemitary land of the Chemitary
- 7. To the Freshmen we leave all our virtues hoping that they profit by our splendid example and reach an unrivalled standard of perfection

Bobby Williamee inherits a long walk home from Valentina Riddle.

Dede Wortman requests that Kathleen Yetzer inherit her long eyelashes.

Jack Dailey leaves his agility in basketball to Thomas Caskey.

Martha Meier gives Grace Kronenwetter her short hair

Mabel Sorg wants Esther Vollmer to succeed her in the Biology class as secretary of "I Saw."

Charles Fieming bequeaths his agreeable disposition to James Meyer.

Martha Lenze loans Jean Hoffman her artistic talent

Theresa Wiesner asks that Mary Lou Meyer be given her collection of cowboy music and Gene Autry pictures

Tommy Bauer will be happy to know that he is to have curly hair, because of the generosity of Mary Grace Keim.

Brownie Meier is to receive the Physics text books used by Grace Breindel

Robert Leuschel wills his car to Marvin Riddle.

Ann Bauer will fill Irene Hacherl's position as pianist in the school orchestra

George Schlimm donates four inches of his height to Joseph Kline

It is Sarah Schieler's wish that her Monday morning rest be given to anyone who is badly in need of it

To Joan Rigard, Erma Nissel leaves her expression "Ohl my hair."

Jeanne Krellner leaves her soprano voice with the girls in the Sacred Heart Choir

Mary McMackin leaves her love for potato chips to Joy Reville

Corinne Decker wills her dimples to Jimmy Handwerger.

Tessie Schaut loans her laugh to Kevin Nolan.

Mary Kreliner leaves a jar of "Dill pickles" to Jimmy Wittman

Doris Krug leaves her quiet manner and modulated voice to Faith Herzing

Herbert Straub leaves his number four basketball jersey to his brother Victor

Eileen Hanes transfers her place on the bus to Lillian Samick

Lucy Daniel gives her alarm clock to Alice Wittman

Regis Hacherl donates his intelligence to Joseph Schotz

Doris Frank leaves memories of Williamsport to Katherine Haller

Zita Haller expresses the wish that Dorothy Mae Breindel be given her blue eyes

Dean Foote wills his knowledge of "Sherlock Holmes" to Allam Mulcahy

Mercedes Shields gives her "Trig" to anyone who wants it. How about it, Bill Carino?

Richard Schatz wishes twenty five pounds of his weight to be given to Robert Schlimm.

Betty Beimel will be pleased with Monica Lucanik's generous offering, two inches of her height

Robert Prechtel donates his little brown address book to Sam Nissel

To all the girls of Central High, Rosemary Werner leaves her collection of pictures of Van Johnson

lvy Wortman gives his varsity forward position to Gropa Schneider

Long fingernails is what Patty Meyer is to receive, thanks to Doris Wilhelm

Esther Dippold loans her talent of writing poetry to Lillian Gregory

Richard Hathorn bestows his wit upon LeRoy Wilhelm

Shirley Dinsmore will receive the good-natured spirit of Doris Paar

At the request of our Latin teacher, Loretta Hollman donates her knowledge of that subject to Donald Ellis.

Earl Hauber leaves his desk to his brother Walter

Mary Alyce Lenze desires that Agnes Baumgratz succeed her as cheerleader.

Donald Wiesner gives his knowledge of Chemistry to George Zamboldi

Rose Mary Hoehn wants her love of music to be given to someone who will appreciate it, perhaps Joan Kraus.

Anna Eichmilter donates her Commercial Arithmetic to "Pepper" Fleming

Flavius Wicks wills his knowledge of cattle to Bill Murray

Irvin Bennasutti is to receive a "45" class hat from Theresa Leithner

Jeanne Krellner Richard Hatnorn

A WORD OF THANKS

We wish to thank our advertisers, subscribers, and all those who generously contributed, thereby making our Memo possible

We are grateful to the Faculty, the Benedictine Sisters, who have worked earnestly with us and for us

Teresa Wiesner



VOLLEY BALL COMPETITORS

GREMLINS	Sealed
Standing	- +
TERMITES	Sealed
Standing	v j
TROUBLES	Seated
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na Ganz, Adine

RUSTIES: Seated: Sarah Se

Standing 14 1111

VOLLEYBALL

HIS was the second season of Volleyball at Central Last year. Volleyball was played only by the girls, who enjoyed the game and entered it with much interest. But this year the boys have also entered into this sport and have played some exciting games. Although they did not play league games, they gave all of us a thrill on Athletic Nights.

The League was formed early in the season, the players choosing the names: Gremlins, Crusaders, Vickies, Troubles, Termites, and Rusties. The League games which were scheduled for Wednesdays were played with much rivalry. The Gremlins were ahead throughout the season, and came out on top at the end

The League games were followed by the Tournament of the four class teams. On Friday, March 9, the Semi finals were played, with first event—Sophomores against Juniors. The Sophomores won two out of two games. The second event was Frosh against Seniors. The Frosh won two out of two games.

Tuesday, March 13, witnessed the Finals. The first event was the Consolation game between the Juniors and Seniors. The Seniors won two out of two games. The second and last event was the game between the winners of the Semi-finals. These games were the most exciting of the year. The Sophomores won the first game with a very close score of 21-19. The second game was won by the Frosh. The third game was won by the Sophomores, which brought about a thunderous applicate from the Volleyball lans.

CONGRATULATIONS, SOPHOMORES, CHAMPIONS OF '45

The following day at 3.30, the Champion Sophomore Team played the Ali Stars and defeated them with desirable scores, which proves they are real champs.

The Champions of the League Teams and of the Class Teams were guests at the Basketball Banquet

To our Athletic Director, Reverend Father Bonilace, much credit is due for organizing Volleyball in our high school, and keeping up a strong interest among the players during the past two seasons. We tender him our profuse thanks

Monica Lucanik

LESSONS IN A USEFUL ART

HIS year the Junior and Senior girls had the opportunity of receiving special lessons in cooking. They were fortunate in having Mrs. Bathgate of the West Penn Power Company instruct them in the fundamentals of this art and they were very grateful for her kind, patient assistance and personal advice. No matter what field in life one follows, the ability to cook is useful.

Fifty girls, divided into groups of ten, followed this course which continued for six weeks. The girls planned and prepared breaklasts, luncheons, and dinners, which included a variety of delicious foods, such as waitles, pies, cookies, soup, salads, meat, vegetables, cereals and eggs, and they learned the importance of combining these foods in order to have well-balanced and nourishing meals.

The part most enjoyed was the assurance that, at the close of each class, the girls could test the food that they had prepared. The satisfied expression of the girls gave evidence that their attempts had been successful

In order to determine how much each girl had learned about cooking facts and meal planning, a written quiz was given, following the six lessons. The girls were also asked to write their personal reactions to these classes and to tell in what way they had applied the knowledge to their every-day life.

As a grand finale for the last class each group prepared a complete dinner which they served for their evening meal

Doris Wilhelm

Senior Girls Preparing a Balanced Meal



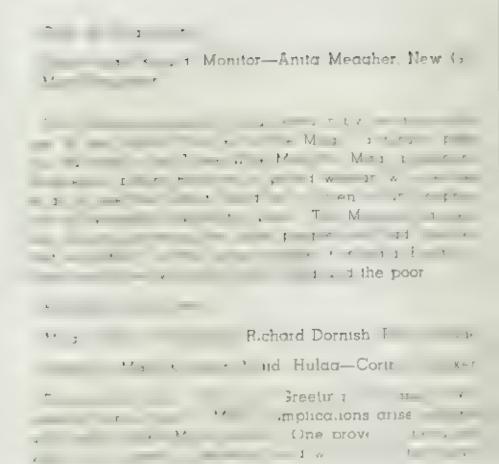




"Christmas Greetings for Jane"

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"The Gift of the Magi"



CHORISTERS SINGING "THE ROSARY"

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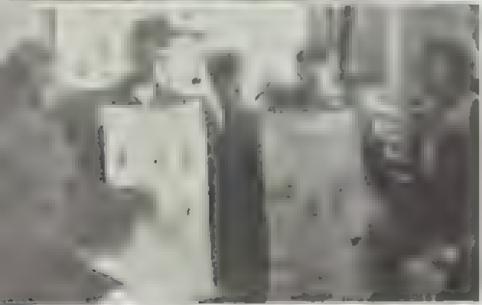
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AUDUBON CLUB

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CRYSTAL FIRE DEPARTMENT

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Francisco Const



ST. MARYS AIRPORT

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young men, α , λ , γ , γ , γ , γ , γ , γ , received considera and an article will soon be ours



CENTRAL CRUSADERS OF 1945

THE famous and well-known Central Crusaders of 1945 came forth with the mightiest and most dominating team that ever carried the banner of Central High into a basket-ball game. Championship titles and laurels of victory came victoriously out amidst the elements of battle as the Crusaders lought to defend their honored rights against their scholastic loes during the competitive 1944-45 season.

Under the experienced leadership of Coach James Goetz the Central Crusaders obtained the most praiseworthy record of twenty-six victories against two losses for a 929 percentage during the regular season.

The Crusaders, Ene Diocese Class B Champions for the second straight year, won the city championship for the third straight year and a second leg on the H C Stackpole Trophy donated by the late industrialist

Point totals showed 1423 for the Crusaders and 808 for our opponents

Playoff games saw the Crusaders reach the Semi-finals in the Knights of Columbus Tournament in Williamsport and the semi-finals for State Championship in the Catholic P. I. A. A. Class B. Race.

Central's Varsity team starred Allan Mulcahy and Ivan Wortman as forwards, Melvin Nissel, center, with Herbert Straub and Jack Daily, guards

Ivan Wortman garnered high scoring honors with 300 points with Allan Mulcahy and "Sam" Nissel following close behind with 286 and 275 points respectively

Jack Daily, our worthy captain, obtained All Star State Team honors for the second straight year in the Williamsport Tourney.

The season's success was due to the brilliant teamwork so clearly displayed in all of the games

Sincere thanks are extended to all who supported and cheered the boys to victory of aided in any other way

The season's schedule and record is as follows:

	-	Jeza-	Op-				
Opponents	Played at t	zal po	ment	Cathedral Pres, Ene	Away	21	-00
Alumni .	Home	37	16	Ridaway Public	Away	31	33
lohnsonburg	Away	46	32	St Joseph s, Renovo	Home	- 41	18
Kenne	Away	31	29	Kane	Away	-41	23
zazenni g	Law	~		C. Cathannaia Dubana	Away	44	26
Aucos	Away	37	24	St Catherine's Dubois	NEW CLT	TITE	- ALL
St Bernard's Bradford	Away	42	17	Auburn High School,	TT	57	
St Joseph s. Renovo	Away	33	20	Anburn, N Y	Home	31	14
SS Cosmas & Damien,				Wilcox	Away	36	19
Punxautowney	. Away	43	21	St. Leo s. Rudgway	Home	30	13
St Lea's Ridgway	Away	37	9	St Bernards, Bradford	Away	2.2	
F tomor Humbs	72 E				A water		,
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Ridaway Public .	Home	30	23	are a manyon when a si	In .	>	h
Emponum	Away	33	29	SS Cosmos & Domien,			
St Catherine's, Dubcis	Home	45	16	Punxsutawney	Home	60	11

League Play-oifs now follow

Catholic P I. A A Race

Central 39, Renovo 25

Central 32, Pittsburgh 43

K of C. State Invitational Tournament

Central 42, Scranton 39

Central 26, Reading 41

Central 46, Williamsport 30

Donald A Wiesner

































SOPHOMORE GIRLS

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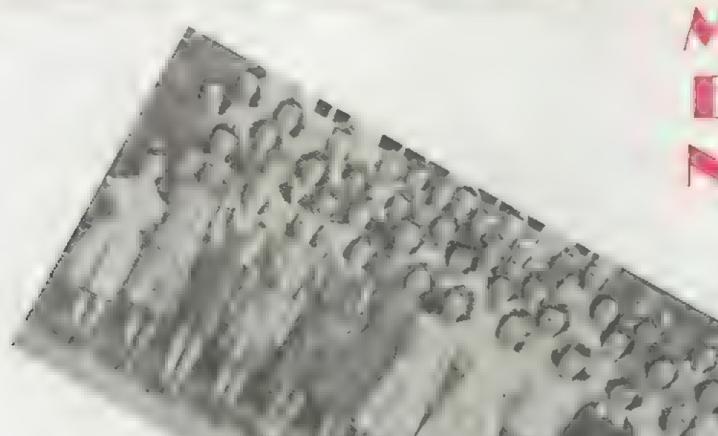












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> "The years at the spring, And day's at the morn; Morning's at seven, The hillside's dew-pearled, The lark's on the wing, The snorl's on the thorn; God's in His beaven -All s right with the world"

Valentina Riddle.

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Sarah Schieler Confessina Martha Meyer . Dancing With a Dolly	Skating	Evening in Parts

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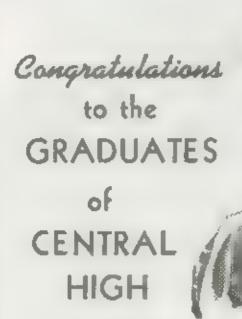
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